

LIFE-MODEL SHOWS PLOUCH.

AND IT WAS ALL, TOO, TO SAVE HER BEAUTY.

Miss Florence Bixby, while posing before the New York Art Students League, is showered with ice and broken glass.

From the New York Journal.

The girl students of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray's life class at the Art League had hardly recovered yesterday from the fright they received the day before, when the life model, Miss Florence Bixby, was nearly killed by the collapsing of a skylight. Some were ill from the effects of the shock. But all agreed as to Miss Bixby's pluck. It was model courage, indeed.

"Perhaps it was vanity," said one: "or pride," said another: "or only a mercenary concern," said a third. "But she was wonderfully brave," said a fourth, and all assented.

Miss Bixby, by falling glass and ice, received these wounds: a deep cut on her left shoulder, extending from the neck to the arm; a cut on the left side, extending from the arm to the waist; a deep cut on the leg, and she had been posing in the nude when hurt.

She was suffering intense pain. Several of the young women had nearly fainted at sight of her. The pain was nothing to her. She feared only that her comeliness was gone, that she must be disfigured, that she could no longer follow her profession.

When the doctor said, "If you will endure the pain and allow me to make many stitches as necessary, the scars will not be permanent," she had forgotten in an instant what pain was.

It took an hour to sew up the wounds. But Miss Bixby never flinched nor uttered a sound. Yesterday she was happy at her home in Jersey City, for she had been assured the wounds would heal without disfigurement.

Miss Bixby, posing for the nude before the class, had just stepped down from the skylight and gone below the curtain without an instant's warning the skylight gave way. Heavy blocks of ice, jagged

pieces of glass and a cloud of snow fell among the students. They ran screaming. The student's skirt was shattered by a huge icicle which had dropped upon the skylight, carrying it away.

An enormous mass had fallen behind the screen. Not a sound came from there, and the student's skirt was shattered by a huge icicle which had dropped upon the skylight, carrying it away.

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THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

Did She Look Intelligent Enough to Be a Lawyer?—The Countryman Thought Her Pretty Enough.

"When she looks away the mice will play," she laughed.

"In other words," she went on, as she cut off another needful of yellow silk from a bit of pastelboard wound with a bright yellow thread, "my employer was called out of town, and I have finished up all my regular work, and my odd bits of work are all out of the way, and there's abs-

olutely nothing else for me to do."

But she didn't seem to care.

She was pretty, steno-grapher in a Lisbon street lawyer's office. And all that afternoon she had busied herself with her regular duties, but now the letter file was all arranged, the books were in order, and she was waiting for a client.

Then after a little while she blushed and asked: "Do I look intelligent enough to be a lawyer?"

This was an awkward way to ask such a question, but being assured that brilliant lawyers did not necessarily have wisdom shining forth in their faces, she told us about it.

"You are all alone here yesterday, when a man from out of town came in. When he saw me he whistled softly and looked at me with a queer expression."

But he sat down and commenced to tell me about some trouble he had with his wife, and he spoke of getting 'a bill' of divorce, and he asked why he should have to pay for it. Now, you can't tell nothing till you've heard it all."

"So I had to listen, and then, at the close of his tale of woe, he asked my advice. He said he was a lawyer, and he would have to wait till lawyer—came in."

He looked thunderstruck. "Hain't you lawyer?" he gasped, as he reached for his mittens.

"No," I said. "I am I gave him the mitten he dropped in his surprise. 'I'm the typewriter.'"

He looked at me in my hospi-ality. I blame the man for not learning to write. If he can get him a pretty girl, he'll be all right. He snickered. "I thought sure you were one of the wimmen lawyers folk is talking about like that Portiere that my son spoke about last week."

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LORILLARD POOR BUT FREE.

JACOB, JR., FREED BY LAW FROM HIS FLORIDA WIFE.

She Cost Him a Million—They Married Secretly, and When He Was Cut Off by Family She Treated Him Cruelly.

Jacob Lorillard, Jr., son of the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, has been freed by the court from the alleged life of nagging and indignity led him by his wife, Abbie M. Lorillard. He starts life anew, poorer by a million dollars at least than he would have been had he never met the Florida beauty of low estate, who won him on the Indian river.

The story was far more interesting than most of those heard in a divorce court. It had human interest in plenty and comparatively little of offensive detail. It was a tale illustrating in real life the possibilities of the effect of marriage, both upon fortune and upon happiness. Seven years ago young Jacob Lorillard was of the swell set. So was his father, who limited his own personal expenses to \$40,000 annually. Of course, this did not include the expense of his household, but was merely for the play table and other fashionable recreations of men of his wealth and his tastes.

His Allowance \$25,000.

The son had an allowance of \$25,000, and lived to the limit. When he exceeded it his mother came to his rescue. She cared not at all how much he spent, provided he spent it "like a gentleman." He tried to keep pace with his father, and the old man liked the spirit of the boy. So did his uncle, a millionaire, who was the father of Jacob cutting cards at \$100 a cut or of wagering large sums of money which he thought he was a real one.

They did not care so long as he got into no entangling alliances with designing women. The story of his allowance, of what sums, was not immoral and was not reprehensible, according to the family code. But when he proceeded under the theory that the man who gambled had a right to be changed, he was largely equal to as lost largely, and he paid Jacob on the back and thought him an ideal son.

Thus things went on swiftly but harmoniously in the family until seven years ago, when young Jacob was married to Florida and married. He married secretly, because he knew his family would not give him the money he needed for the project. The woman he chose for his wife, or the woman who chose him for her husband, was not in the social set of the Lorillards. Their vanity was wounded. They cut off Jacob and refused to recognize him.

Jacob never entered the home of his parents after his marriage. His clothing and his regular duties, but now the letter file was all arranged, the books were in order, and she was waiting for a client.

Then after a little while she blushed and asked: "Do I look intelligent enough to be a lawyer?"

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GIRL'S ROMANTIC CAREER.

Miss Gulick, of Cincinnati, is Daughter of a Nobleman and an American Mother.

It will be news to many people, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, to learn that the real name of Miss Katherine Agnes Gulick, pupil at the College of Music, is Suma Matsuo Honjo, and that she is the daughter of a Japanese nobleman and an American mother. The only child of the union is the young lady now in Cincinnati, who was born in Boston in 1878. The mother was an

orphan, who was teaching school in Philadelphia at the time of her marriage, and is said to have been a lady of much beauty and refinement.

Count Honjo remained in this country until his death, which occurred a few years after his daughter was born, engaging in business in Boston and New York. The Japanese grandparent, who was the child was lonely and was so ill, the Gulicks visited the grandparent's home in Japan, and the child was taken to the United States.

On board the ship Old Point, which conveyed the little lady to Japan, Rev. O. H. Gulick and his wife, both missionaries, were passengers returning to Japan on a visit to the United States, and they conveyed a great love for little Suma Matsuo Honjo, more particularly as they were children.

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